King. Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England,
Couſen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out,
Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herauld from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ranſome?

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former anſwer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
VVhile the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues, within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we ſhall be famed,
For there the Sunne ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The ſmell whereof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes foorth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into ſlouendry.
But by the maſſe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

They'l be in freſher robes, or th
The gay new cloaths ore your
And turne them out of ſeruice.
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone
Saue thou thy labour Herauld,
Come thou no more for ranſo
They ſhall haue nought I ſwea
Which if they haue, as I will lea
VVill yeeld them little, tell the

Her. I ſhall deliuer ſo.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vp
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke*.
Come ſouldiers let's away,
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſp

Enter the foure Fr

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is g

Con. VVe are enow yet liuin
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought

Bur. A plague of order, once
And he that will not follow *B*
Let him go home, and with hi
Like a baſe leno hold the cham
VVhy leaſt by a ſlaue no gentl
His faireſt daughter is contam

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpo
Come we in heapes, wee'l offe
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die

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